The Cid,

A

TRAGICOMEDY,

out of French made

English:

by Joseph Rutter,

And acted before their Majesties at Court, and on the *Cock-pit* Stage in *Drury*-lane, by the servants to both their *MAJESTIES*.

The Second Edition Corrected and Amended.

LONDON,
Printed by *W. Wilson* for *Humphrey Moseley*, at the Signe of the *Princes Armes* in St. *Pauls* Church-Yard.
1650.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE,

my ſingular good Lord and Maſter, *EDWARD*, Earle of *Dorſet*, Lord Chamberlain to the Queen, Counſellour of Eſtate to his Majeſty, and Knight of the moſt noble order of the Garter.

TO give your Lordſhip a teſtimony of my readineſs to obey you, I no ſooner was commanded by you to tranſlate this Poem than I went about it. And certainly your commands gave life to the work, which elſe deſpair of performance, or the conſideration to whom it muſt be preſented, would have ſtifled in its firſt birth. For how could I hope any thing from mine own ſufficiencie, being little exerciſed in the French tongue, and finding ſuch a contumacy in

their phraſe to our manner of ſpeaking; or how ſhould I not fear ſuch a Judge as your Lordſhip, who are not only a perfect underſtander, but an exact ſpeaker of both languages? So that what we with much labour compaſs, is your daily exerciſe. For if that which *Auguſtus* attributed to *Vinicius*, that he had *Solus ingenium in numerato*, can ſuit with any man, it does with your Lordſhip, whoſe wit we have ſo often ſeen ready told out, and fit for any emanation: and with which you have juſtly purchaſed every mans wonder and aſtoniſhment. It was therefore aptly and truly ſaid by a noble man of your own rank and order, that when you ſpoke in any buſines you impoſed oblivion on what was ſaid before you, and ſilence on any man that ſhould ſpeak after you. It behoves me then (ſince I muſt fear your judgement) to flie to that ſweetneſs of your diſpoſition (the temper of your vertues) with which you uſe to receive the offers that come from a gratefull heart. Unleſs I ſhould preſume to think that your Lordſhip cannot without delight ſurvey the perſon of *D. Roderic* in this Play, with whom your life has held ſome proportion, for like him you have ever preferr'd your honour to your affections, and your King and Country to any thing beſides; which you did not ſo much, becauſe the place

yo

you are in requires it, but out of an in-bred affection delivered to you from your Ancestors, who with their happy counsails have no less confirm'd this Kingdom than D. *Diego* is here said by his armes to have supported *Castile*. In fine, my Lord, I hope you will look with more content upon this Peece, when you shall read there some places of my Lords your sons translation, from whose attendance, if I have borrowed this time, I must account it upon your Lordships service, from whom I have received all I have, which is the glory to be esteemed,

My Lord,

Your honours most faithfull

most obedient

Servant,

RVTTER.

To the Reader.

THe place of a Prologue let this leaf take up; which would gently adviſe you to ſuſpend your cenſure of this tranſlation, till you be skilled in both the Languages; for from the ignorant in either I may ſuffer. Some places in the Orignall I have changed, but not many: two Scenes I have left out, as being ſoliloquies and little pertinent to the buſineſs: ſome things I have added, but ſcarce diſcernable: where he would give me leave, I have followed cloſe both the ſenſe and words of the Author, but many things are received wit in one tongue which are not in another. The Play it ſelf being a true Hiſtory, though like a Romance (ſince this age conſiſts of ſuch Playſeers) I would willingly propoſe to be imitated of our undertakers in the like kind, I mean for the conveyance, and (as I

may call it) *the Oeconomy of it: for what concernes the wit and naturall expreſſions in it; I know I ſpeak to deaf people, whoſe ears have been furr'd with ſo many Hyperboles, which is the wit in faſhion, though the ſame in* * Seneca's *days, were accounted madneſs. But if they knew how diſſenting with a right Eare any affected ſpeech is, they would rather treſpaſs the other way, and not ſtrain nature beyond what we find it commonly is. But this is no fit Porch for the Temple of love, Ile ſhut it up, and open you the pleaſant way, into which you had rather enter.*

* Sen. Rhet. ſua. 1. ſub finem.

The names of the Actors.

D. FERNANDO	the first King of *Castile*.
D. URRACA	the Infanta of *Castile*.
D. DIEGO	the father of RODERIGO.
D. GGMES	the Count of *Gormas*, father to CIMENA.
D. RODERIGO	the lover of CIMENA.
D. SANCHO	in love with CIMENA.
D. ARIAS, D. ALONSO	Courtiers.
CIMENA	D. ROD. and D. SAN. Mistress.
LEONRA	Governess to the Infanta.
ELVIRA	servant to CIMENA.
A Page.	Attendants.

The Scene

SEVILLE.

A Tragicomedy.

ACT I. SCENE I.

COVNT. ELVIRA.

ELVIRA.

MOngſt all the youthfull lovers which adore
Your daughters beauty, and implore my aid,
Don *Roderigo* and Don *Sancho* ſtrive
Who ſhall ſhew moſt the fire her beauties rais'd.
But yet *Cimena* is indifferent
To both their loves, and with an equall ey
Beholds them both, nor does ſhe take away
Or add ought to their hopes, but ſtill expects
A husband from your choice alone deſign'd.

COVNT.

She does her duty, both of them deſerve her,
Both ſprung from brave and noble families,
Both young, yet ſuch as in their faces ſhew
Th' illuſtrious vertue of their Anceſtors,
But above all, in *Roderigo's* face
There's not a line which ſpeaks not a brave man,
His family has been fruitfull ſtill in ſoldiers,

As if they had been born i'th' midst of Lawrels.
His fathers valour, in his time, unequall'd,
(Whil'st his strength lasted was a prodigie.
The furrowes in his forehead) seem to be
Th' ingravements of his nob'e actions,
And *Roderigo's* person seems to promise
The virtues of his father. In conclusion,
My daughter if she love him shall please me;
Go entertain her with it, but be sure
You hide m' intentions, and discover hers,
At my return wee'l speak of it together.
Time calls me now to wait upon the Councel,
Where the King means to chuse a Governour
Into the Prince his son, or rather fear me
That high place of honour, for my merits
Forbid me to expect an opposition.

SCENE II.

ELVIRA. CIMENA.

ELVIRA.

HOw welcom news will this be to our lovers?
How fortune has provided, that all things
Should sort to their contentment?

CIMENA.

How now *Elvira?*
What in conclusion must I hope or fear?
What must becom of me? What says my father?

ELVIRA.

Only two words, enough to charm your senses,
You cannot love *Roderigo*, more than he

Does

oes value him.

CIMENA.

rithee ſpeak truth *ELVIRA.*
h' exceſs of this my happineſs does ſtarger
My faith in it; may I beleeve thy words?

ELVIRA.

Nay he went farther, he approves his love,
nd will command you meet with his deſires,
his you will find ſoon as the Councel riſes,
nd that Don *Diego* meeting time, and place
it for his purpoſe, ſhall propoſe the buſines,
ear not but your deſires will be contented.

CIMENA.

cannot tell, but yet me thinks my ſoul
oes not receive this joy, but all confounded
xpects what moment will preſent to me
A divers face from this my happines,
nd croſs my preſent fortune.

ELVIRA.

You will find
his fear of yours moſt happily deceiv'd.

CIMENA.

Well let us go then, and attend the iſſue.

SCENE III.

INFANTA. LEONORA. PAGE.

INFANTA

GO Boy, look out *Cimena*, and from me
Tell her, her preſence was expected ſooner,
My friendſhip muſt complain of this her ſourh.

LEONORA

As if they had been born i'th' midst of Lawrels.
His fathers valour, in his time, unequall'd,
(Whil'st his strength lasted was a prodigie.
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Only two words, enough to charm your senses,
You cannot love *Roderigo*, more than he

Does

Does value him.

CIMENA.

Prithee speak truth *ELVIRA.*
Th' excess of this my happiness does stagger
My faith in it; may I beleeve thy words?

ELVIRA.

Nay he went farther, he approves his love,
And will command you meet with his desires,
This you will find soon as the Councel rises,
And that Don *Diego* meeting time, and place
Fit for his purpose, shall propose the business,
Fear not but your desires will be contented.

CIMENA.

I cannot tell, but yet me thinks my soul
Does not receive this joy, but all confounded
Expects what moment will present to me
A divers face from this my happines,
And cross my present fortune.

ELVIRA.

You will find
This fear of yours most happily deceiv'd.

CIMENA.

Well let us go then, and attend the issue.

SCENE III.

INFANTA. LEONORA. PAGE.

INFANTA

GO Boy, look out *Cimena*, and from me
Tell her, her presence was expected sooner,
My friendship must complain of this her sourh.

LEONORA

LEONORA.

I perceive, Madam, that all days alike
You'r ſad and penſive, and the ſame deſire
To know how her love goes, ſtill preſſes you.

INFANTA.

How ſhould it not? when I my ſelf have made her
Receive the hurt wherewith her ſoul is wounded.
She loves Don *Roderigo* by my means,
And by my means he has vanquiſht her diſdain:
Then ſince to take 'um I have laid the ſnare,
To free 'um, unto me belongs the care.

LEONORA.

And yet i'th midſt of all their good ſucceſs
One may perceive in you a kind of ſorrow;
Why ſhould that love which lifts them up with joy
Weigh your great heart down with a heavy ſadneſs,
And th' intereſt which you have in their love,
Make you unhappy, when themſelves are bleſt?
But I'm too forward, and grow indiſcreet.

INFANTA.

To ſtifle it increaſes more my grief!
Leonora, thou ſhalt know it, and now hear
What a ſtrange conflict I have had within me,
And when th' haſt heard it, pitying my weakneſs,
Admire my vertue, love is ſuch a Tyrant
As will ſpare none, this Gentleman, this lover
Which I've beſtow'd on her, I love my ſelf.

LEONORA.

You Madam?

INFANTA.

Lay thy hand upon my heart
And feel now how it pants at th' hearing of
The name of its own Conquerour.

LEONORA.

Pardon me, Madam,
If blaming of your love, I doe forget

My

My due respect; is he a match for you,
A private Gentleman? can you a Princess
In a point of such consequence forget
Whose child you are? what wil the King say, think you?
Doe you remember, Madam, whose you are?

INFANTA.

Yes, yes, *Leonora*, and will rather die
Than doe a thing unworthy of my birth:
Though I could tell thee that in noble souls
Merit alone ought to produce true love,
And if my passion would flie to excuses,
Many examples might authorize it,
Yet I'le nor follow that in which my honour
Must be ingag'd. If I have much of love,
I have much more of courage, and me thinks
A noble true disdain tels me that I,
The daughter of a King, should deem all others,
Below my love, unless it were a Monarch:
But when I see my heart is not of force
To make its own defence, I give away
That which I dare not take: 'stead of my self
I put *Cimena* fast into his fetters,
And kindle their fire to put our mine own.
Be not amaz'd then, if with distraction
I still expect their marriage; you see
All my repose only depends on it,
If love do live on hope, it dies with it:
'Tis a fire, that not nourish'd will go out.
And spight of my ill fortun, if *Cimena*
Marry Don *Roderigo*, my long hopes
Dying, my mind will be at ease; till then
I'm still in torment, till this day of marriage
Roderigo is my love, whom though I labour
To lose, I cannot chuse but grieve to lose him.
I find my soul divided in two parts,
My heart with honour fir'd as well as love:

This

This *Hymen's* fatall, I both wish, and fear it.
Nor can I hope for any perfect joy,
Since whether he obtain his love, or no,
So many baits my love and honour have,
Instead of comfort I must find a grave.

LEONORA.

After this, Madam, I have nought to say,
Vnless it be to grieve for your misfortunes,
Before I blam'd you, now I pitty you:
But since your virtue has made good it self,
So strongly 'gainst the powerfull charms and force
Of love and honour, and beat back th' assault
Of this, and bait of that, in a short time
'Twill give you ease of all, in the mean while
Cast your firm hope on heaven, which has more justice
Than to let virtue be a sufferer long.

INFANTA.

My best of hopes is to cast off all hope.

PAGE.

Madam, *Cimena's* come, as you commanded.

INFANTA.

Go, entertain her in the Gallery.

LEONORA.

But will you still remain in these sad fancies?

INFANTA.

No, I will 'spight of all my grief, put on
A face of gladness. Go, I'll follow you
Just heaven, from whence I do expect my aid,
Put now at length som period to my evils;
Assure mine honour with som ease of love,
I seek my happiness in anothers bliss,
To which give speed good heaven, or more strength
To my yet feeble soul, which n'ere can be
(Till *Hymen* have bound them) at liberty.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

COVNT de GORMAS. D. DIEGO.

COVNT.

WEll Sir, you have got the day, the Kings high favour
Has lifted you to that which was my due,
h' has made you governour to the Prince of *Caſtile*.

D. DIEGO.

This honour which he has don my family,
Shews he is juſt, and knows well how to pay,
With recompence, paſt ſervices.

COVNT.

Though Kings
Be great, they are like us, and as much ſubject
To be deceiv'd, as we, and this his choice
Makes us (which are his ſervants) ſee, how ill
He recompences preſent ſervices.

D. DIEGO.

Pray let's no more of this: perhaps t'advance
My buſneſs, favour did as much as merit,
And happily you had been the better choice,
But yet the King thought me more fit for him:
You may to th' honour which the King has don me
Add one more if you pleaſe, in joyning both
Our families by ſacred marriage.
Roderigo loves your daughter, whom h'has made
The chiefeſt object of's affections,
Give your conſent, and take him for your ſon.

COVNT.

O Sir, *Roderigo* muſt look higher now.

The

The ſplendor of this honour newly don you
Ought to put greater thoughts into his heart.
Look to your office well: govern the Prince,
Shew him the way how we may rule a Province,
Make people every where obey his law,
Teach him to love the good, to awe the bad;
Add to theſe vertues, thoſe of a Generall,
Inſtruct him how to harden his ſoft body
With pain and travel, til he leave himſelf
Without a rival in the art of War,
To ſit continued dayes and nights on horſe-back,
To take his reſt in's Armes: To force a Rampire,
And not to owe a victory but to himſelf.
Shew him this by example, and remember
You ought to repreſent what you would teach.

D. DIEGO.

To inſtruct him by example, this I'le ſay
In ſpight of envy, let him read my life,
And by that ſtory learn to tame fierce Nations,
To ſet on any place, to range an Army,
And lay his ground of honour on his actions.

COVNT.

Living examples move more forcibly
Than books, in which a Prince ſcarce learns his duty:
But what I pray has all your long years don
That one day of my actions has not equall'd?
If you were valiant once, I ſtil am ſo,
This arm's the firme ſupporter of Caſtile,
My ſword once drawn has made Granado tremble,
Arragon quake; without me other laws
You muſt have had, and other Princes ſerv'd:
Each day, each inſtant, to my eternal glory,
Has pil'd up victory on victory.
The Prince to ſet an edg upon his valour,
Marching by me ſhall be victorious,
Far from your cold inſtructions, he ſhall learn

(Though

Though to my valour they'r prefer'd by some)
seeing my actions, how to overcome.

D. DIEGO.

In vain you tel me that I know already,
I've seen you fight, and under me command.
When age hath shrunk my sinews up with cold,
Your youth and valour have supplí'd my plac e.
But not to make so many words of nothing,
You are what I was once, and yet the King
Twixt our deserts has put a difference.

COVNT.

That which was my desert, you have obtain'd.

D. DIEGO.

He that has got it, sure has best deserv'd it.

COVNT.

He that can best discharge it, best deserves it.

D. DIEGO.

Tis no good sign though to be put beside it.

COVNT.

Like an old Courtier, by much suite you go it.

D. DIEGO.

My honourable actions stood for me.

COVNT.

Come, come, the King thus honour'd your gray hairs.

D. DIEGO.

He priz'd my valour, when he gave it me.

COVNT.

If so, the honour had been mine, not yours.

D. DIEGO.

He that could not obtain't, did not deserve it.

COVNT.

Not I deserve it, mean you?

D. DIEGO.

No, not you.

COVNT.

Take that, rash Dotard, for thy impudence.

D. DIEGO

D. DIEGO.

Nay make it up, and after this affront
Take my life too.

COVNT.

What dost thou hope to do thou feeble foo!,
Thy sword is mine, but yet I scorn to take it,
Go now and bid the Prince read o're thy life,
And let him not omit this part of it,
In which hee'l find the just revenge I take
Of this thine insolence, a fair example.

D. DIEGO.

Will you then spare my life?

COVNT.

I'm satisfied;
Mine eyes cry shame unto mine hands for this,

D. DIEGO.

Then you do scorn to take it.

COVNT.

If I should,
I did but cut the thread of three days lasting.

D. DIEGO.

Rage and despaire! must I needs live thus long,
To see this one day of my infamy
Blast all the Trophies of my former years,
O fatall dignity! which art to me
No other than a precipice, from whence
Mine honour headlong fals unto the earth,
Let him that has disarm'd me take the place
Of Governour to the Prince, for I that am
A man dishonour'd, am not fit for it.
And thou my sword, that hang'st here for a shew,
The glorious instrument of my actions past,
But now the idle ornament of my age,
Go to his hands that can tell how to use thee,
Be then my sons, who, if he be my own,
Cannot but have a sense of my dishonour,

And though he love *Cimena*, yet 'tis fit
His love give place to the more ardent fire
Of valour, animated by an affront,
Which, though it fell on me, did yet result
On him: and see, he's here. *Roderigo* tell me,
Hast th' any courage?

SCENE V.

RODERIGO. DIEGO.

RODERIGO.

ANy man but my father
Should quickly find I have.

DIEGO.

Well said, my boy,
I now perceive my bloud runs in thy veins,
This noble arger sayes thou art my son;
My youth revives in me from this thy heat.
Thou shalt revenge me son.

RODERIGO.

Of what or whom?

DIEGO.

Of an affront so cruell, that our honours
Suffer together in't. 'Twas, *Roderigo*,
A box o'th ear, which on th' insolent giver
I had reveng'd, but that my feeble age
Fail'd my strong heart. This sword then, which my arm
Knew not to wield, take thou, and with it punish
The arrogant that wrong'd me, and be sure
Thou kill, or die, for such a stain as this
Is never washt, but in the offenders bloud.
But let me tell thee, I do send thee now

To combat with a man whom I have seen
All on a goare, in midst of a fought battel,
Making himself a Rampire of slain men.

RODERIGO.

Pray Sir his Name, let him be what he will.

D. DIEGO.

To tell thee more then: besides that he is
The bravest souldier, and the best Commander
That I have seen; he is ———

RODERIGO.

For heavens sake what?

D. DIEGO.

The father to *Cimena*.

RODERIGO.

The? ———

D. DIEGO.

Reply not,
I know thy love, but yet remember son,
He that can live contemn'd, doth not deserve
To breath an hour; thou know'st th' affront was given
To me, to thee I leave the just revenge;
The sense of honour, and the fire that springs
From thence, should put out the lesse heat of love;
Revenge me, and thy self, shew thy self worthy
Of me thy father, now o're-borne with miseries,
Which whilst I go to moan, haste thou to punish.

SCENE VI.

RODERIGO. alone.

STrook to the very heart, with a blow as fatall
As un foreseen: what shall I do? I must

Revenge

Revenge my father, and provoke my miſtreſs,
Either betray my honour, or my love,
It were a better choice for me to die
Than to do either:
If I revenge my father, I muſt loſe
My love; if not, I muſt live infamous:
How can I live, having loſt all I live for?
But infamy purſues me after death.
On then my ſoul, and rather chuſe to die
Loſing thy love, than live ingloriouſly,
And ſtart not at the name of the offender,
Becauſe he is the father of thy miſtreſs,
But rather think thine own receiv'd the offence,
And thou art bound to give the recompence.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Don ARIAS. The COVNT of Gormas.

COVNT.

I Muſt needs ſay, when I did give th' affront
My bloud was over heated, and my hand
Somewhat too ready, but now who can help (it?
Since it is don, it cannot be recall'd.

D. ARIAS.

aith, Let your courage ſtoop to the Kings will,
takes the buſineſs much to heart, and being
highly incens'd, beleeve it hee'l proceed
ith his full power, and then what defence
an you make for your ſelf, when th' affront,

And it's high quality shall be aggravated
By the person of th'offended, and the place.
These will require of you, my Lord, submissions
Beyond all ordinary satisfaction.

COVNT.

Then let him take my life, 'tis in his power.

D. ARIAS.

Abate some of your heat, and hear what's reason,
Will you not seek to appease a Prince that loves you?
He sayes, I'l ha this don, will not you do it?

COVNT.

Sir, to preserve my honour, I cannot think
Tis such a crime, somewhat to disobey,
But were it greater, what I've don for him,
Would be more than enough to make my excuse.

D. ARIAS.

Suppose you've don all that a man can think
In the Kings service, is he bound to thank you?
Can a Prince be beholding to a subject?
You are too much o're weening, you must know,
He that best serves his King does but his duty,
If you think otherwise, you are undon.

COVNT.

I shall beleeve you when I find it so.

D. ARIAS.

Your can't but fear the power of the King.

COVNT.

One day destroys not such a man as I am.
Let him arm all his power to punish me,
The state shall rather perish, than I suffer.

D. ARIAS.

Do you so little fear the soveraign power?

COVNT.

What? of that Scepter? which if not for me
Had ere now fain out of his hand: my person

Is Sir, of ſo much conſequence to the King,
That if my head fall, his crown cannot ſtand.

D. ARIAS.

My Lord, give reaſon leave to ſettle you,
Think on't a little.

COVNT.

The thought's already taken.

D. ARIAS.

What ſhall I ſay then? I muſt give him an account.

COVNT.

This: that I know not how to give conſent
To mine own ſhame.

D. ARIAS.

But my Lord imagin,
Kings will be abſolute.

COVNT.

Let 'um be ſo,
The Die is caſt Sir, let's talk no more on't.

D. ARIAS.

Then I muſt take my leave, ſince my perſwaſions
Can do no good: though you be cover'd o're
With Lawrels, yet my Lord, take heed of thunder.

COVNT.

I'le wait it without fear.

D. ARIAS.

It will come home.

COUNT.

If it do, D. *Diego's* ſatisfied.
How little am I ſcar'd with theſe poore threats?
My honour once engag'd, a thouſand deaths
Preſented to me in the moſt hideous forms,
Cannot once ſtartle me.

SCENE II.

RODERIGO. COVNT de GORMAS.

RODERIGO.

MY Lord a word.

COVNT.

Speake.

RODERIGO.

Resolve me of a doubt: doe you know
Don *Diego* well?

COVNT.

I doe.

RODERIGO.

And that he was
The spirit and the glory of his time:
Doe you know this?

COVNT.

Perhaps he might be so.

RODERIGO.

And that this ardor which mine eyes doe bear,
Doe you know it is his bloud it represents?

COVNT.

What's that to me?

RODERIGO.

Some distance from this place
I'le make you know it.

COVNT.

COVNT

Presumptuous boy!

RODERIGO

Be not so hot. I know I'm young, but yet
In noble souls, valour prevents their years.

COVNT.

But who has led thee to that vanity?
To set thee upon me; thou that did'st never
Bear arms? perhaps thou know'st not who I am.

RODERIGO.

Yes: and I know a stouter man than I
Would tremble at the hearing of thy name:
Thy head is cover'd o're with Lawrels, where
Victory perches, and from thence reads to me
The fate of my destruction: I doe challenge,
Like a rash youth, a man inur'd to conquest;
Yet having heart enough, I shan't want strength,
Or if I should, wearing my fathers cause
Vpon my sword and arm, they cannot fail me.

COVNT

This courage which appears in thy discourse,
I have been long acquainted with, and hoping
To see the honour of *Castile* in thee,
'Twas in my thoughts to give my daughter to thee;
I know thy love, and am amaz'd to see
It's motions to give place unto thy honour:
And meaning to find out a perfect man,
And compleat Cavalier for my sonne in law,
I'm not mistaken in the choice I've made.
But here my pitty intervenes, and though
I wonder at thy courage, yet I grieve
To see thy rashnesse; doe not seek thy death,
Prethee excuse my valour from a combat
So farre unequall. If thou fall'st by me,
'Twill be no honour to me. To orecome

Where there's no danger, will be a triumph
Where there's no glory: for thou wilt be thought
To have with eaſe been ruin'd, and my ſelf
Shall alone feel the grief that I have don it.

RODERIGO.

Th'haſt ſeconded th' affront thou gav'ſt my father,
With a pity worſe than that, dar'ſt thou deprive me
Of my honour, and yet fear'ſt to take my life?

COUNT.

Leave me good youth.

RODERIGO.

Let's goe, and talk no more on't.

COUNT.

Art thou ſo weary of thy life?

RODERIGO.

Art thou
So afraid to die?

COUNT.

Come then, thou do'ſt no more
Than is thy duty, he's a degenerat ſon
That will out-live one jot his fathers honour.

SCENE III.

INFANTA. CIMENA.

INFANTA.

BE not ſo griev'd, *Cimena*, dry thine eyes,
Uſe not thy conſtancie in this misfortune,

Thou

Thou'lt see't clear up after a little tempest:
Thy happiness is but clouded for a while,
And som small time will make thee no great loser.

CIIMENA.

What can I hope now, but continual troubles,
A storm so sudden comming o're this calm
Threatens a certain shipwrack to our loves:
'Tis past all doubt, I perish in the haven.
I lov'd, was lov'd again, our friends agreed,
And I no sooner had told you the news,
But in an ill hour sprung their fatal quarrel,
Which when I heard, I knew my hopes were ruin'd:
Curs'd ambition, honour pittiless,
Under whose tyranny the bravest soules
Do ever suffer: how many tears and sighs
Must I pay for you?

INFANTA.

Thou hast no reason
To fear their quarrel, which on a sudden born,
Will as soon die: there's too much noise of it
To let it live. The King shall take it up,
And for thy sake I'l see't shall go no farther.

CIMENA.

This business wil admit no composition
Th' affronts to honour never are repair'd,
Wisdom or power can prevail little here;
This wound will not be heald, it may be cover'd,
And stifled, hate nourishes secret fires
Within the brest, but such as burn more fiercely.

CIMENA.

But th' holy knot which shall once joyn *Cimena*
To *Roderigo*, will dissolve the hatred
Of both their fathers, and the bonds of love,
As being more strong, wil quickly stop their discord.

CIMENA.

Rather do desire, than hope it, Madam,

Don *Diego* is too haughty, and I know
My father well, of what a ſpirit he is.
I feel my teares runne, which I would retain:
What's paſt, torments me, and I fear the ſequell.

INFANTA.

Do'ſt thou fear what a weak old man can doe?

CIMENA.

Roderigo is not weak.

INFANTA.

But he's too young.

CIMENA.

Valiant young men are ever very ſudden.

INFANTA.

But that thou need'ſt not fear. Hee loves thee too well
To anger or diſpleaſe thee, one poore word
Out of thy mouth, will quickly ſtay his heat.

CIMENA.

If he doe not obey, how great's my grief?
And if he doe, what will men ſay of him,
That being a Gentleman, he could put up
Such an affront? ſo that if he reſiſt,
Or elſe give way to his affection,
I cannot but be troubled, or aſham'd
At his too much reſpect, or juſt denial.

INFANTA.

Cimena's generous, and though ſhe be
Ingag'd, ſhe cannot ſuffer a baſe thought.
But if I make a priſoner of this lover
Untill his buſineſſe be tane up betwixt them,
Will not your love turn into jealouſie?

CIMENA.

Ah, Madam, in this caſe I have no ſuch thought.

INFANTA.

Boy, look out *Roderigo*, bring him hither.

BOY.

BOY.

He, and the Count of *Gormas*

CIMENA.

Good God, I tremble!

INFANTA.

Speak.

BOY.

Went out together.

INFANTA.

Alone?

BOY.

Alone, and as it ſeem'd, they went to quarell.

CIMENA.

Ay me, my fear's, they'r fighting by this time.

INFANTA.

Let's ſpend no more time then, but goe look 'um out.

SCENE IV.

KING. D. ARIAS. D. ALONSO. D. SANCHO.

KING.

IS he ſo vain, has he ſo little reaſon,
That he dares think his crime yet pardonable?

D. ARIAS.

I treated long with him on your behalf,
I did (Sir) my devoir, but obtain'd nothing.

KING.

Juſt heaven! can a ſubject be ſo raſh

To have so little care to please his Master?
H'as strucken Don *Diego*, scorn'd his King,
In my own Court he means to give me laws:
Be he ne'r so good a souldier or commander,
I'le make him know what 'tis to disobey.
I would ha'treated him with all fair means,
But since he has abus'd my patience,
Go som of you and look him out, and whether
He do resist, or not, make sure of him.

D. SANCHO.

Perhaps some little time will bring him in.
He was taken boiling in his choler, Sir,
And a stout heart will hardly yeeld to reason,
In the first motion of its rage and heat.
He'r's no man, that not thinks he is to blame,
But yet so high a spirit is not brought
At first so easily to confess his fault.

KING.

Don *Sancho*, hold your peace, and let me tell you,
He that shall take his part is alike faulty.

D. SANCHO.

I obey Sir, and am silent, but with favour,
A word in his defence.

KING.

What can you say?

D. SANCHO.

Sir, that a soul accustom'd to great actions,
Cannot abase it self to low submissions.
It knows not how to do it without shame,
And that's the word which troubles most the Count.
He finds it somewhat hard to do his duty.
He would obey if he had less of courage,
S'you'd command, that he being us'd to arms,
Should with his sword repair this injury,
I'undertake he shall make satisfaction.

KING.

KING.

You are too bold Sir, but your age I pardon,
Thinking it to proceed from heat of youth.
A prudent King knows better how to husband
His subiects bloud, than so to venture 'em.
For mine, I mean my care shall still conserve 'um
As the head cares for th' members which do serve it.
You speak Sir, as a souldier, but I must
Do as a King, and whatsoere the Count
Does say or think, I 'em sure he cannot lose
Ought of his honour in obeying me:
Th' affront he did to him whom I have made
Governour to my son, does touch me neerly,
And this his insolence hath quarrell'd me,
And th' choice I made: So if he do submit,
I am the man he satisfies. But no more,
Don *Arias*, by an advice of late receiv'd,
I heare the Moores mean shortly to suppriſe us.

D. ARIAS.

Dare the Moores stir?

KING.

Their vessels ars discover'd
At the Rivers mouth, and you know how easily
At a full Sea they may come up.

D. ARIAS.

The battails
They 've lost already, should make 'm lose the heart
To set on such a Conquerour as you.

KING.

They cannot but with Jealouzy look on,
Seeing me rule in Andalouzia,
And this fair Country, which I took from them,
Keeps their designes awake. It is the reason,
Why here in Sevil I have plac'd my Throne,
That being neer 'um I may be more ready
To meet with their attempts.

D. ARIAS.

Sir, they have learnt,
At the great charge of their own heads by this time,
How much your presence does assure your conquest,
Y' have nothing, Sir, to fear.

KING.

Nor to neglect:
Too much assurance still drawes danger with it:
The enemy which we now think to destroy,
If he can take his time, may annoy us.
But yet since I'm not certain of my newes,
I would not stirre up in my subjects hearts
Vaine panique terrors, or this present night
Affright the City with a false alarm:
Let the haven be well guarded, and the walls,
And for this night it shall suffice.

D. ALONSO enters again.

Sir, the Count is dead,
Roderigo's hand has satisfied his father.

KING.

I divin'd what would follow, when I first
Heard of th' affront, and would ha' then prevented it.

D. ALONSO

Sir, here's *Cimena*, who presents her griefe
Vpon her knees, with teares demanding Justice.

KING.

Although my soul suffer with his misfortunes,
Th' affront he did, deserv'd the punishment,
Which though it were most just, yet can't I lose
Without regret, a servant of his merit.

SCENE

SCENE V.

KING. D. ARIAS. D. DIEGO. CIMENA. D. SANCHO. D. ALONSO.

CIMENA.

IUſtice, Sir, Juſtice, I aske it on my knees.

D. DIEGO.

O Sir give eare to my defence.

CIMENA.

Revenge my fathers death.

D. DIEGO.

Of him that puniſht the higheſt inſolence?

CIMENA.

Roderigo, Sir,

D. DIEGO.

Has done the office of an honeſt man.

CIMENA.

Has kill'd my father.

D. DIEGO.

Has reveng'd his owne.

CIMENA.

A King owes juſtice to his ſubjects bloud.

D. DIEGO.

A juſt revenge can feare no puniſhment.

KING.

Riſe both of you, and ſpeak without diſturbance,
I beare a part, *Cimena*, in thy ſufferings.
Trouble her not, when ſhe has done, I'le heare you.

CIMENA.

My father's ſlain, Sir, and theſe eyes have ſeen

His

His bloud gush out in bubles: that dear bloud
Which has so oft preserv'd your wals, so oft
Been fir'd to gain you battails, and which yet
Reaks with just anger, to have been spilt for any
But you the King, which war durst never draw,
Roderigo in your Court has made to flow
Upon the earth, and for his first essay,
Has tane away the firme prop of yo r State,
Breathless, and pale, I came unto the place,
And found him dead! Dead! pardon Sir, my grief,
My voyce does fail mee, let my tears speak the rest.

KING.

Daughter, take comfort, and be confident
Thou hast a King will be a Father to thee.

CIMENA.

You'ave don my miseries, Sir, too much honour.
Thither I came amaz'd, and found him dead,
He spoke nought to me, but the more to move me,
His spilt bloud wrote my duty on the dust.
Rather his worth reduc'd to that poor State,
Spoke to me through his wound and hasten'd me
To this pursute and to be heard the better,
Of the most just of Kings, borrow'd my voyce.
Suffer not Sir, such rage to pass unpunisht
Before your eyes, and let not heady youth,
Lave themselves in the bloud of your best Souldiers,
And brave their memories. If you permit it,
You'l have, but few that will desire to serve you,
In fine my Father's dead, I demaund justice
Rather for yours than my own interest,
You are ingag'd i'th' loss of such a man,
Revenge it then, and require bloud for bloud.
Sacrifice D. *Diego*, and his familie
To your self, to the people, to Castile,
What can be dear enough to satisfie
For my dead father?

KING.

KING.

D. *Diego* anſwer.

D. DIEGO.

How happy is the man Sir?
Who parts no ſooner with his ſtrength than life,
Since to the valiant, age is moſt unhappy
Accompanied with weakneſs, I that have
Gotten ſuch glory by my former actions,
Whom victory has ever wayted on,
See my ſelf now, for having liv'd too long
Affronted, and orecome. And that which neither
Combat, nor ſiege, nor ambuſhes could do,
Nor all your enemies, nor mine to boot,
The pride of one man in your Court has don
Almoſt before your face, and ſullied
The reverence, and honour of my age,
Advantag'd by his youth, and by my weakneſs,
And ſo Sir, theſe my haires which have grown white
Under my helmet, and my bloud, which has
So oft for you been ſpent, ſhould ha'deſcended
Vnto the grave with cureleſs infamy.
Had I not got a Son to ſave my honour,
Who lending me his hand has ſlain the Count.
If to ſhew courage, and a ſenſe of wrong,
If to revonge, a blow oth' face deſerve
Severly to be puniſht, let it fal
On me that tempeſt, what ſoer'e it be,
For the armes fault, we puniſh oft the head,
I am the head, Sir, he is but the arm,
And if *Cimena* do complain that he
Has ſlain hir father, I muſt anſwer her,
Had I been able, he had never don it.
Sacrifice then this head, which age wil take,
The arm Sir, may hereafter do you ſervice.
And let *Cimena's* wrong be ſatisfied
At my own bloud's expence, and I ſhal be

So

So farre from thinking it an unjuſt cenſure,
That dying with mine honour, I ſhall die
Without regret.

KING.

Th' affair is of importance,
And merits to be heard in a full Counſell.
Don *Sancho*, wait upon *Cimena* home,
Don *Diego's* word ſhall be his ſurety.
Let his ſonne be lookt out I'le doe you juſtice.

CIMENA.

'Tis juſt great Sir to cut off murderers.

KING.

Daughter, take truce a little with your griefs.

CIMENA.

To give them truce, is to increaſe them more.

ACT III. SCENE I.

D. RODERIGO. ELVIRA.

ELVIRA.

WHat mean you *Roderigo?* whither would you?

RODERIGO.

I would purſue the courſe of my ſad fortune.

ELVIRA.

But this is a ſtrange bo'dneſſe, to appear
In the ſame place which you have fill'd with mourning,
Come you t'affront the ghoſt of the dead Count?
Have not you ſlain him?

RODERIGO.

RODERIGO.

His life was my disgrace,
Mine honour at my hands requir'd his death.

ELVIRA.

But in the house of death to look for refuge?
Did ever homicide make that his Asilum?

RODERIGO.

Did never any murderer present
Himself unto his Judge? ne're wonder at me,
I come to seek for that I gave another,
That's death; my love *Cimena* is my Judge.
When I deserv'd her hate, I deserv'd death,
And for that cause I stand here to receive
My sentence from her mouth, death from her hand.

ELVIRA.

Flie rather from her sight, and doe not meet
With the first motions of her grief and anger,
Why, would you more enflame her present passion?

RODERIGO.

No, that dear object which I durst displease,
To punish me cannot have too much passion;
I should be happy if I could augment it,
And hasten so my death from her fair hand.

ELVIRA.

Cimena's at the Court, bath'd in her teares,
And will return thence with much company.
For heavens sake flie, what will mens censures say
If y' are discover'd here? they must report
Cimena t'have receiv'd into her house
Th' Assassin of her father. Heark, she comes,
It is her voice: at least, *Roderigo*,
To save her reputation, hide your self.

SCENE

SCENE II.

D. SANCHO. CIMENA. ELVIRA.

D. SANCHO.

I Madam, never think of any other
But bloudy sacrifices: your anger's just
And your grief lawful, for my part Madam
I'l neither go about to pacifie
Or comfort you, but if my present service
Can be of use to you, imploy my Sword
To cut out your revenge, from your commands
My heart takes courage, and my arme its strength.

CIMENA.

O me unfortunate!

D. SANCHO.

Madam accept my service.

CIMENA.

I shall offend the King then who has promis'd
To do me Justice.

D. SANCHO.

But you know, justice
Is so slow pac'd and languishing, that seldom
It overtakes the crime, the wrong was don
By th'sword, then let a Cavalier revenge it
By the sword again: It is the readiest way.

CIMENA.

'Tis the last remedy, but if it must
Arive at that, and this your noble pitty
Of my misfortunes do continue with you,
I shal then give you the freedom you desire.

D. SANCHO

D. SANCHO.

It is the only happineſs I wiſh,
So having hopes to ſee't, I take my leave.

SCENE III.

CIMENA. ELVIRA.

CIMENA.

AT length I find I'm free to open to thee
The ſadneſs of my ſoul, and to give way
To my deep ſighs, which elſe would ſtifle me.
My fathers dead, *Elvira*, the firſt ſword
That *Roderigo* us'd has cut the thred,
Weep, weep mine eyes, melt into tears my brain,
Half of my life, the other half has ſlain,
And ty's me to revenge on what is left,
That part of which by this I am bereft.

ELVIRA.

Quiet your ſelf, ſweet Madam.

CIMENA.

How unfitly
Thou bid'ſt me to be quiet, when at once
I muſt bewail my loſs, and th hand that made it,
Or what is't I can hope for in this life
But torments, here to be redreſs'd by time,
If loving th'Authnr, I purſue the crime?

ELVIRA.

Can you then love the man that kill'd your Father?

CIMENA.

Love him, *Elvira*? more than that I adore him,
My love ſtands up againſt the ſenſe I ſhould have

Of

Of a ſlain father, and would quite o're-bear it.
I finde my lover in mine enemie,
And ſpight of all my anger, in my heart
Roderigo makes his part good 'gainſt my father:
Yet though my love has theſe advantages,
I'le not adviſe with it about my duty.
Nothing is dearer to me than *Roderigo*,
My heart would take his part, but then my honour
Tels me I had a father, which he ſlew.

ELVIRA.

But do you mean to proſecute him, Madam?

CIMENA.

O cruell meaning! cruell proſecution!
To which I'me forc'd. I aske his head, and yet
Fear to obtain it. I would ha him puniſh'd,
And yet my death, I know, muſt wait on his.

ELVIRA.

Fie, Madam, quit this tragicall deſigne,
Be not ſo cruell to your ſelf.

CIMENA.

Shall I ſee
My father die between my armes? his bloud
Crying vengeance to me, and ſhan't I hear him?
Shall my heart think, becauſe 'tis charm'd by love,
That nothing's due unto a fathers death
But chi'diſh teares? or ſhall I ſuffer love
To ſteal into my heart, and thruſt out honour?

ELVIRA.

Beleeve me, Madam, you may well be pardon'd,
If you preſerve unto your ſelfe a man
You cannot parallel, and one you love.
Y'have done enough to ha' been with the King,
Ne're preſſe it farther, be not obſtinate.

CIMENA.

Then is my glory loſt; no, it behoves
I be reveng'd.

ELVIRA.

ELVIRA.

But you love *Roderigo*,
He can't displease you.

CIMENA.

No I'le swear he can't.

ELVIRA.

These things consider'd, Madam, what can you doe?

CIMENA.

To save mine honour, and to put an end
To all my griefs at once, I am resolv'd
First to pursue him unto death, and then
To die my self.

SCENE IV.

RODERIGO to them.

RODERIGO.

TO save the trouble of
Pursuing me, behold I'm here before you,
Glut your self with the pleasure of my death.

CIMENA.

What place is this, *Elvira*? who is this?
Roderigo in my house! before my face!

RODERIGO.

Spare not my bloud, but tast the sweetnesse of
My death, and your revenge, without resistance.

CIMENA.

Aye me!

RODERIGO.

Hear me *Gimena*.

CIMENA

CIMENA.

I dye.

RODERIGO.

A word

CIMENA.

A way and let me dy.

RODERIGO.

And afterwards
Make me no anſwer but with this my ſword.

CIMENA.

That ſword be ſmear'd with th'bloud of my dead father.

RODERIGO.

My *Cimena*

CIMENA.

Fye, take away that object
Which to mine eyes upbraids thy crime, and life.

RODERIGO.

Look on it rather to increaſe thy hate,
T'excite thine anger, and to ſpeed my death.

CIMENA.

'Tis dy'd in my own bloud.

RODERIGO.

Plunge it in mine,
And make it loſe the colour ſo of thine.

CIMENA.

What cruelty is this, which in one day
Father and Daughter both deprives of life,
One by the ſword, the other by the ſight?
Remove that object of my hate, thy ſword,
Thou woud'ſt be heard of her thou mean'ſt to kill.

RODERIGO.

I do obey, yet with the ſame deſire
To dye by thee. For from my affection
Never expect a cowardly repentance
Of a good action, the box o'th eare
Thy father gave, diſhonour'd mine, thou know'ſt

How

How home that touches any man of ſpirit,
I ſhar'd in the affront, and went to ſeek
The Author, having found him I reveng'd
Mine and my fathers honor: wer't to do
Again I'd do't, yet think not but thy love
Held out againſt my father, and my ſelf,
A combat long enough, and made me doubt
Whether I ſhould diſpleaſe thee or ſit down
By th' injury receiv'd. I held my hand
And blam'd my ſelf for too much violence:
And without doubt thy beauty had o're-ſway'd,
Had I not caſt in ballance, that a man
Diſhonour'd never could be worthy thee,
That ſhe who lov'd me when my fame ſtood clear,
Would hate me, ſtain'd with infamy. 'Tis true,
I did thee an affront, and 'tis as true
I ought to do it both to ſave my honor
And merit thee. But having thus acquitted
My father and my ſelf, 'tis only you
That I now com to ſatisfie, and make
A preſent of my blood. I know the thought
Of a ſlain father, arms thy hate againſt mee,
Nor will I rob thee of thy ſacrifice,
Here, offer to the blood already ſhed
The blood of him, that glories to have ſhed it,

CIMENA.

True *Roderigo*, (though thine enemy)
That thou did'ſt ſhun diſgrace, I cannot blame thee,
And whatſoever face my griefs put on,
I not accuſe thee, but my own misfortune.
I know what honour, after ſuch an outrage,
Demands of any brave and generous ſpirit.
Thou did'ſt thy duty, but in doing it
Thou taught'ſt me mine. The ſame regard thou had'ſt
To vindicate thine own, and fathers honor,
Fall's now on me, and the more t'afflict me

Of thee I must require, what I have lost:
It is thy interest makes me despair:
Had any other hand, or sad misfortune
Depriv'd me of my father, I had found
My comfort in thy sight, the only charm
Against my griefs: When by so dear a hand
My teares had been wip'd off: but now I must
Lose him and thee too, and what's more cruell,
I'm bound my self to labour thy destruction,
For never look from my affection
The least resentment for thy punishment:
For though our love would speak in favour of thee,
Mine honour yet must goe as high as thine;
Thou in my wrong shewd'st thy self worthy me,
I in thy death will appear worthy thee.

RODERIGO.

Never deferre then longer what your honour
Requires of you. It demands my head,
To stay till Justice give't you, will delay
As well your glory, as my punishment.
I shall die happy, dying by your hand.

CIMENA.

Away, I'm thy accuser, not thy heads-man,
Is't fit for me to take the head thou offer'st?
'Tis of another that I must obtaine it;
I must pursue thy crime, not punish it.

RODERIGO.

Though love speak to thee in my favour, yet
The bravery of thy mind ought to answer mine,
Which trust me (my *Cimena*) cannot be,
If to revenge thou borrowst other hands.
For my revenge I us'd none but my owne,
And thou for thine, must use thy hand alone.

CIMENA.

Cruell! to be so obstinate in this,
If without help thou did'st revenge thy self,

Why

Why do'ſt thou offer't me? I'le follow thee,
My courage is too great to let thee bear
The leaſt part in my glory, neither ſhall
Mine, or my fathers honour ſtoop ſo low
As to thy love, or thy deſpair to owe.

RODERIGO.

Hard point of honour! can I by no way
Obtain this grace? puniſh me in the name
Of thy dead father, or our deareſt love,
Either do't in revenge, or elſe in pity.
'Twill to thy lover prove a gentler fate,
To die thus by thy hand, than to live with thy hate.

CIMENA.

Away, I hate thee not.

RODERIGO.

Thou ought'ſt to hate me.

CIMENA.

I can't.

RODERIGO.

But fear'ſt thou not the blame and ſcandall
Which men will raiſe, when they ſhall know my crime,
And the continuance of thy love: no, rather
Force'um to ſilence, and without more words,
By my death give thy reputation life.

CIMENA.

It will live better, if I let thee live:
I'le ha' the voice of the moſt black mouth'd envie
Admire my glory, and pitty my hard ſufferings,
When they ſhall know, that though I love thy perſon,
I proſecute thy crime. Goe *Roderigo*,
And let the darkneſſe of the night conceal
Thy parting hence, mine honour cannot runne
A greater hazzard than if men ſhall know
That I have kept thee company ſo long.

RODERIGO.

'Tis death to hear this.

CIMENA.

CIMENA.

Away.

RODERIGO.

But what are you resolv'd to do?

CIMENA.

Spight of this loving fire which would restrain
That of my anger, I shall do my best
To have full vengeance for my fathers death,
And yet in spight of this so cruell honor,
My desire is to have my desires crost.

RODERIGO.

O miracle of love!

CIMENA.

But heaped with griefs.

RODERIGO.

How many tears will these our fathers cost us?

CIMENA.

Who would ha' thought it *Roderigo*?
Who?

RODERIGO.

Cimena would ha' said it?

CIMENA.

That our joyes
Should be so nigh us and so quickly lost.

RODERIGO.

And that so neer the Port a sudden storm
Should shipwrack all our hopes.

CIMENA.

Go *Roderigo*,
And think I cannot, dare not, hear thee longer.

RODERIGO.

I go then to draw out a dying life,
Til thy pursute shall bring it to an end.

CIMENA.

If I obtain th'effect, I sadly vow
Nor to draw breath one minute after thee,
Adieu, and have a care thou be not seen.

SCENE

SCENE V.

D. DIEGO. D. RODERIGO.

D. DIEGO.

AT length I see what all my industry
Could not effect, chance offers to me, this
Must be my Son. *Roderigo*, blest be Heaven
That gives me leave to see thee.

RODERIGO.

Ay me!

D. DIEGO.

Do not confound my joys with these sad accents,
But give me leave to praise thy early Valour,
Which shews the noble stock from which thou sprang'st.
The first stroke of thy sword, has equall'd all
That mine could do, and thy brave youthful spirit,
Has reach'd the glory of thy Ancestors.
Prop of my age, and fulnes of my joy,
Touch these white hayrs, whose honor thou hast sav'd;
Come kiss this cheek, and view the place which thou
Being affronted, rescu'dst from disgrace.

RODERIGO.

The honor's due to you, heaven be my witness,
That comming from you I could do no less;
I hold my self most happy, that the first
Trial of my poor valour should please him
To whom I ow my life; but in these pleasures

Have not a jealousie of me, because
After you, I dare satisfie my self.
Give me leave to despair; 'tis all I ask.
Let not your praise flatter me out of that.

D. DIEGO.

Fy, from so brave a heart banish this weakness,
Think there are Mistrisses enough i'th world,
But no more than one honour; love, is but
A little pleasure, honour is a duty.

RODERIGO.

What say you, Sir?

D. DIEGO.

That which thou ought'st to know.

RODERIGO.

Would you then shame me with inconstancy;
A coward Souldier, and a perjur'd Lover,
Run the same course of infamy alike.
Cannot I be thought generous unless
I be perfidious? Alas my bonds
Are too fast ty'd, to be so soon undon;
And since I can nor have, nor leave my love,
The death I mean to seek is my best comfort.

D. DIEGO.

This is no time to seek out death. Thy King,
Thy Country needs thy aid, the fleet we fear'd
That enter'd on the River, is now ready
To take the City by surprise: The Moores
Are come in silence almost to our wals,
The Court is in an uproar, and the people
Call to take armes. Nothing but cries are heard;
I'th' mid'st of these calamities, my fortune
Has favor'd me so much to let me see,
Five hundred of my friends, within my house,
Who hearing of the affront was given me,
Offer'd their lives to vindicate mine honour
Thou hast prevented them, but their brave valours

Will

Will better be imployed against the Moors.
Go march i'th' head of them, where honour cals thee;
Impeach the landing of the enemy,
And if thou must seek death, go find it there,
But rather crown'd with victory return,
And by thy valour force ev'n justice self
To pardon, and *Cimena* to be silent.
If thou do'st love her, think thy comming home
A conquerour, must regain her heart, or nothing.
But time's too precious to be spent in talk,
I stay thee in discourse, when thou should'st fly:
Come follow mee to my house: Let the King see
What he has lost i'th Court, he has found in thee.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

CIMENA. ELVIRA.

CIMENA.

But is this true, *Elvira*? art thou sure on't?

ELVIRA.

How hard it is to beget faith in you,
When every man extoll's the glorious actions of him
Of this young Hero: The Moors before
Appear'd, but to their shame. They quickly landed,
But quicker was their flight. Three hours fight
Left to our men a victory intire,
And two Kings prisoners. Their leaders valour
Could meet with nothing durst stand in its way.

CIMENA.

And was 't *Roderigo's* hand that did these wonders?

ELVIRA.

The two Kings which he vanquish'd are his ptize.

CIMENA.

Whence could'st thou gather this strange news, *Elvira?*

ELVIRA.

From those who sound his prayses up and down,
The people who with one voice do salute him
Their Guardian Angel, saver of their countrey.

CIMENA.

How does the King look upon this his valour?

ELVIRA.

Roderigo dares not yet appear in Court,
But Don *Diego*, in the conquerours name,
Has made a present of these crowned captives,
And all he does demand, is, that the King
Would daign to see the hand that freed his country.

CIMENA.

But has he got no wound?

ELVIRA.

I know not that.
Why change you colour so? resume your spirits.

CIMENA.

Let me resume my anger, which my love
Has so enfeebled, must my care for him
Make me forget my self? peace, peace my love,
And let my anger work, though he have vanquish'd
Two Kings, he has not overcome my duty.
These mourning habits, where I read my miseries,
Are the first fruits his valour did produce,
And though all tongues should speak in his defence,
All objects here do represent his crime.
Veil, Cypres, and these blacks, sad memories
Of my dead father, keep a little up
Mine honour 'gainst my passion, and when love

Shal

Shall get the power of me, tel my heart
I ow a duty to a father slain.

ELVIRA.

Be not transported so: The Infanta's here.

SCENE II.

INFANTA. CIMENA. LEONORA. ELVIRA.

INFANTA.

I Come not here, *Cimena*, with faint comforts
To plead against thy grief, but with sad sighs
To mingle with thy tears.

CIMENA.

Nay rather, Madam,
Share in the common joy, and fully tast
The happiness kind heaven has sent to you,
I only am design'd for grief, the dangers
From which y'are rescu'd by *Roderigo's* hand,
And all your safeties purchas'd by his arms.
To me alone bequeath these tears and sighs,
'Tis he has sav'd the citty, serv'd his King,
And only ruin'd me.

INFANTA.

'Tis true, *Cimena*,
He has don wonders.

CIMENA.

Yes the unwelcom news,
Has pierc'd my ears already, I can hear
How the voyce goes, and that hee's fam'd no les
A valiant Souldier, than a luckles lover.

INFANTA.

How comes this news to be unwelcom to you?
Was not the man they prais'd your servant once?
And had not he your heart? in honouring him
They honour much your choise.

CIMENA.

I needs must say
His honours are but due, and yet to me
Each praise of him, is a new punishment,
For I can't chose but know how great my loss is,
Finding the value of the thing I lose;
The more his merit, and my love increases,
The more my duty gets advantage of me,
And spight of my affection puts me on
To prosecute his crime.

INFANTA.

But will you, Madam,
Beleeve the counsel of a faithfull friend.

CIMENA.

Not to obey you were a sin unpardonable.

INFANTA.

Though yesterday pursuing your revenge,
You did so much that all the Court admir'd
Your height of spirit, and bewail'd your love,
Yet the same way is not now to be taken.
Roderigo's now the only hope and stay
Of all Castile. The terrour of the Mores,
His valour has restor'd us what before
It took away, in him your father seems
To live again, and in a word pursuing
His death, you go about the publick ruine,

What?

What? to revenge a father, is it lawfull
To give your Country up to its Enemies?
And are we to be puniſh'd for his fault?
I ſay not this, that I would have you marry
The man y'are bound to proſecute. I'd rather
You ſhould avoid that envy, and deprive
Him of your love, but not us of his life.

CIMENA.

Ah, Madam, give my ſpirit its full courſe,
Though my heart make a faction againſt me,
Though he be lov'd by th' King, ador'd by th' people,
Though he be compaſs'd with the ſtoureſt Souldiers,
Ile overwhelm his Laurell, with my Cipreſs.

INFANTA.

I muſt confeſs, it is a mark of ſpirit
To proſecute the life you lov'd ſo dearly,
Yet I ſhould think, it were more noble far
To give up to the publick intereſt
The private ones of bloud. For credit me,
Cimena, 'tis enough, to leave to love him:
Baniſh him from your heart and he will find
A heavy puniſhment. Your countries good
Requires this, beſides you muſt not think
The King ſhould grant you your requeſt.

CIMENA.

He may
Refuſe me if he pleaſe, but I muſt ſpeak.

INFANTA.

Conſider well, *Cimena*, what it is
You go about, and think of it at leaſure.

SCENE III.

KING. D. DIEGO. D. ARIAS. D. RODERIGO.

KING.

THou brave deſcendent of a noble race,
Who have been ſtil ſupporters of my Kingdom,
(Who's valour the firſt proof of thine has equall'd)
My power is too narrow for thy merit.
To free thy Country of ſo rude a foe
As are the Moors, before my ſelf could give
Order for their repulſe, is ſuch an act
As flies beyond all thought of recompence.
But the two captiv'd Kings which thou haſt taken,
Shall give thee thy reward, they both have nam'd thee
Their *CID* before me; which in their tongue ſounds
As much as Lord in ours, and this fair title
I will not envy thee, from henceforth be
Their *CID*, that at thy name the Moors may tremble,
And that my Subjects hearing it may know
Thy value, and how much to thee I ow.

RODERIGO.

Let not your Majeſty confound your ſervant
With too much ſhame, to ſet ſo high a prize
Upon ſo poor a ſervice. I muſt bluſh
To ſee ſuch honour don ſo ſlender merit.

My

My debt to you, Sir, and my Country is
The bloud I live by, and the aire I breath,
And when I lose 'um for so fair an object,
I do, Sir, but the duty of a Subject.

KING.

Few of those whom their duty binds to serve me,
Can so acquit themselves, as thou hast don,
Suffer then thy just praises, and at ful
Relate the story of thy victory.

RODERIGO.

Sir, you have heard how in this urgent danger,
Which put the City in so great a tumult,
A company of my friends met at my fathers,
Mov'd me to go upon this enter prize,
But I crave pardon of your Majesty,
For daring to imploy 'um without leave.
The danger was at hand, So were my friends;
The hazard of my head, made me I durst not
Appear at Court, and I had rather lose
My life in the defence of the whole State,
Than give it up unto *Cimena's* plaints.

KING.

I must excuse the heat of thy revenge,
The State defended speaks in thy defence,
Henceforth *Cimena* moves me but in vain,
Whom if I hear 'tis but to give her comfort.
But on with your relation.

RODERIGO,

Under me
This troop advanc'd with such a confidence,
And so good order, that where ere they pass'd
They diffus'd courage through the lookers on,

Which ſo much mov'd um that although at firſt
We number'd but five hundred, ere we reicht
The Port, we were increas'd into three thouſand,
Two thirds of theſe; when I ariv'd, I hid
I'th' bottom of our ſhips, which there I found,
The reſt, whoſe number every hour increas'd,
I ay cloſe to th' ground, and in deep ſilence paſt
The greateſt part of that fair night away.
To th' guard I gave command to do the like,
Affirming ſtoutly that I had your order
For what I did. At length the g'imme ing ſtar-light
Made us diſcover thirty ſail comming up
With a full tide, for the ſwoln Sea at once
Fowr'd both it ſelf, and them into our Haven,
We let'um paſs, diſcovering none of us
I'th'haven, or the wals, and this our ſi'ence
Made them ſo confident of our ſurpriſe,
That preſently they landed, fiercely running
To meet the ruine which awaited them.
Then roſe we up, having receiv'd the ſignal
From thoſe within our ſhips,
Who ſtarting up in arms, did ſo confound
The Moores, that they were frighted ere half landed.
They came to pillage, but they met with War
At Sea and Land, we bore'um down before us,
Many we ſlew ith' place before they could
Fall into rank or make the leaſt reſiſtance,
When ſuddenly in ſpight of our endeavours,
Their Princes rally'd their diſperſed troops,
And from a ſhame they felt, to dye ſo tamely,
They took new courage, and reſtor'd their ranks,
With their ſwords drawn, making their fight on foot,
Then fell the braveſt of our Souldiers
Mixt with their Captains, the land, the water,
Their fleet, our Haven, ſeem'd a feild of ſlaughter
Where death did only triumph; blood, and darkneſs

Cover'd

Cover'd the place, what had their valour been,
Who fought thus in the dark, had they been ſeen?
I, on all ſides encourag'd our own men,
Some I made fal upon the fo: and others
I kept from falling from us, thoſe that came
I rang'd in order, put 'um on the places
Which they were to make good, but what was don
We had no means to know, 'il the firſt light
Shew'd us our victory, and their loſs.
They ſeeing a new ſupply come to our aid,
Fled now more fiercely, than before they fought.
They got into their ſhips, and cut their cabels,
Diſorderly retreating, and not minding
Whether their Kings retir'd or ſtay'd behind.
Fear more prevailing, made them loſe their duty.
They came in with the flood, and with the ebb
They went away: In the mean time their Kings,
And ſom few of their men ingag'd amongſt us,
Sold their lives dear enough, I bid 'um yeeld,
But while they had a Sword to fight, they would not,
Til ſeeing their Sooldiers fal about their feet
And that alone they muſt defend themſelves,
They ask'd who was our leader, I was nam'd,
They yield themſelves to me. So was this battaile
Ended for want of men to fight it out.
And thus, Sir, when we are about your ſervice ——

To Them.

D. ALONSO.

D. ALONSO.

Sir, her's *Cimena* come to ask you juſtice.

KING.

What ſhal I do? I would not have her ſee thee,

In

Instead of thanks I must dismiss thee from me,
But ere thou leav'st the Court, return again
Unto thy Kings embraces.

D. DIEGO.

'Tis strange, she should
Pursue the man thus, whom she fain would save.

KING.

I'm told she is in love with him. I'l try. *Cimena ent.*
Make shew as you were sad. At length *Cimena*,
Content your self, for your desires have met
With their success. Though *Roderigo's* valour
Ha'got the better of the Moors, Himself
Has peitsh'd with the wounds he there receiv'd;
Give thanks to heaven that has given you vengeance.
Her colour's chang'd already.

D. DIEGO.

But, Sir, mark
Her soundings, and by them how she betrays
The secrets of her Soul; surely she loves him.

CIMENA.

Is *Roderigo* dead then?

KING.

No, no, he lives,
And still remains thy true, and constant lover;
Thou shalt enjoy him, take thy mirth again.

CIMENA.

Sir, we as often faint with joy as sadness,
And when excess of that surprizes us,
It soon confounds our senses.

KING.

Thou would'st fain

That

That to do thee a courteſie we ſhould
Beleeve impoſſibles, but here thy ſadneſs
Has ſhew'd it ſelf too plain.

CIMENA.

Wel, Sir, you may
Add this too, if you pleaſe, to my misfortunes,
And cal my ſwoundings the effects of grief.
I muſt confeſs, I griev'd to ſee my ſelf
Rob'd of the life I ſue for. If he dye
Of wounds he has receiv'd for's countries good,
My vengeance is loſt, and my deſigns betray'd,
I ask his death, but not a glorious one,
I would not have him dye i'th' bed of honour,
But on a Scaffold, that his name may rot,
And his memorial periſh. 'Tis no ſhame
To ſay I love his victory, by it
He has aſſur'd the State, and render'd me
A noble ſacrifice, in ſtead of flowers
Crown'd with victorious baies, and ſuch a one,
As I'de have offer'd to my fathers ghoſt.
But why, alas, am I tranſported ſo?
Roderigo needs not fear what I can do.
What can a virgins tears deſpis'd and ſcorn'd?
Your Kingdom is to him a place of free
Security, and he ſhal triumph over me
As o're his enemies, the bloud o' th' Moors
Shal choak up juſtice here, which muſt be made
A Trophee to the victors crimes, Whilſt I
Amongſt the reſt, adorn his victory.

KING.

Sweet heart y'are too much hurri'd with your paſſions.
We, when we render Juſtice uſe to caſt
Each thing in ballance, *Roderigo* kill'd
Thy father, but he gave the firſt offence.

Equity

Equity binds me then, to ſhew ſom ſweetnes
To the firſt injur'd. But before thou accuſe him,
Ask counſel of thy heart, of which hee's maſter:
I'm ſure thy love ſecretly thanks thy King,
Whoſe favour keeps ſo brave a Lover for thee.

CIMENA.

For me! my enemy, the Author of
My miſeries, the murderer of my father?
Is my juſt ſute ſo ſlighted that I'm thought
To be oblig'd becauſe I am not heard?
Sir, ſince my tears cannot obtain it of you,
Let the ſword, I beſeech you, give me juſtice.
By that I'm injur'd, and by that I crave
To be reveng'd. Of all your Cavaliers
I ask his head, to him that brings it me,
As to the Conquerour I give my ſelf,
The combat ended, he ſhall be my husband,
This I beſeech your Majeſty may be publiſh'd
By your authority.

KING.

This Countries cuſtom,
More ancient than good, under the colour
Of puniſhing unjuſt attempts, has rob'd
The ſtate of its beſt Souldiers, and often
The ſucceſs does not anſwer the intent,
The guilty ſcape, and kil the innocent.
I muſt diſpenſe with *Roderigo's* bloud,
It is more precious to me, than ſo ſlightly
To be expos'd to hazard, though his ſpirit
Forc'd him to do an outrage, yet in freeing
His Country from the Moors, h'has freed himſelf.

D. DIEGO.

How, Sir, for him muſt you reverſe your laws,

Which

Which have so often been observ'd? what will
The people, or the tongue of envy say,
Hearing he lives by your protection?
And that it only serves him for a colour
To hide his cowardise. These are favours, Sir,
Which bring dishonour with'um to the takers.
The Count durst do a wrong, my Son durst punish,
Let him maintain the honour hee has won.

KING.

Since you will have it so, let it be don,
But if *Roderigo* be expos'd to all
That will come in to fight for such a prize,
He must be sure to want no enemies.
I will have only one t'incounter him,
Choose whom you will, *Cimena*, and choose wisely,
But after this, urge me to nothing farther.

D. SANCHO.

An't please your Majesty to let the lists
Be opened, I shall be th'undertaker,
Madam, you know your promise, I beseech you
Let me obtain the grace to be your Champion.

KING.

What say you, *Cimena*, shall he be the Man?

CIMENA.

Sir, I have promised him.

KING.

Be ready then tomorrow.

D. DIEGO.

Defer it not so long, Sir,
A man of courage is at all times ready.

KING.

Shal he no ſooner be returned from one,
But he muſt enter on another fight?

D. DIEGO.

He has tane breath, Sir, in recounting it.

KING.

How ere, an hour or two let him repoſe.
But leſt I ſhould be thought to countenance
Proceedings of this bloudy nature, neither
My ſelf nor any of my court ſhall ſee it perform'd.
Do you look to it, and take care that both
Preſent themſelves, as befits men of armes,
The combat don, bring me the Conquerour,
I mean my ſelf to give him to *Cimena*.

CIMENA.

That were t'impoſe too hard a law upon me.

KING.

Thy love dares not avow this thy complaint,
If *Roderigo* conquer, thou muſt have him,
Never diſpute my ſentence or repine,
Who ere is victor, I will make him thine.

ACT V. SCENE I.

D. RODERIGO. CIMENA.

CIMENA:

WHat *Roderigo*, in the open day!
Whence comes this boldneſs? do you mean t'undoe
Mee, and mine honour? Fy, retire you ſelf.

RODERIGO.

Madam, I go to dy, and therefore come
Before my death, to take my laſt farewell.
My love does ow you this: and my thrall'd heart
Dares not depart your Kingdom without leave.

CIMENA.

You go to dye?

RODERIGO.

Nay, mote, I run, as ſoon
As I have tane my leave, the Counts reveng'd.

CIMENA.

You go to dye! And is Don *Sancho* then
A man ſo terrible, that you need feare him?
Who has made you ſo weak? or him ſo valiant?
Roderigo goes to fight, and thinks himſelf
Already dead. He that nor fear'd the Moors,

Nor

Nor yet my Father, going to encounter
Don Sancho, trembles at it. Does your ſpirit
Fail you at greateſt need?

RODERIGO.

'Tis not to the Combat
That I go now, but to my puniſhment.
For when you ſeek my death, my love cannot
Defend a life againſt you. My heart is ſtill
The ſame, but not my arm, when it ſhould guard
That which diſpleaſes you. This night already
Had been my laſt, if for my privat quarrel
The fight had been: but ſince 'twas for the King,
His People, and my Country, had I left
My ſelf defenceleſs, I'de betray'd them all:
I muſt confeſs, I did not hate my life
So much as with falſe treachery to part from't.
Now, ſince no intereſt but mine own is in it,
And you demand my death, I accept your ſentence,
For which y'have made choice of another hand.
(It ſeems I not deſerv'd to dy by yours)
I ſhall not go to exchange blow for blow,
I ow him more reſpect that fights for you,
And ſince it is your honour which he fights for,
I'le open him my breſt, in his, adoring
Your hand, from which I'le welcom my deſtruction.

CIMENA.

If the juſt violence of a fatal duty,
Which makes me to purſue thee 'gainſt my wil,
Preſcribe unto thy love ſo hard a law,
That thou wilt not defend thy ſelf 'gainſt him
That fights for me, take heed leſt thou forget
That both thy life, and glory fal together;
And howſoever *Roderigo* has liv'd,
Being ſlain, he wil be thought a vanquiſht man.

Honour

Honour was dearer once then I was to you,
When in my Fathers bloud you imbru'd your hands.
I made you then in ſpight of your affection
Renounce the hope of ere injoying me,
But now you value it ſo little that
You care not who it is that conquers you.
See how unſeaſonable your vertue is,
Why were you valiant once and are not now?
Were you ſo only to do me an outrage?
Or will you be ſo cruel to my father,
That having conquer'd him, you will ſubmit
Your ſelf to any hand. No *Roderigo*
Defend thy honour, though thou ſlight thy life.

RODERIGO.

Mine honor cannot need any defence
More than it has already. He that could
Defeat the Moors, and kil the Count of *Gormas*,
Has not an enemy beſides to fear.
No, no, *Roderigo* know's what ere you think,
How in this fight to die and ſave his honour,
That none ſhall dare to think he wanted courage,
Only they'l ſay he did adore *Cimena*.
He would not live, having deſerv'd her hate.
How he gave way unto the cruel fate
Which forc'd his Miſtreſs to purſue his death.
Shee ask'd his head, and his great heart conceiv'd
He ſhould commit a crime, if he deny'd it.
T'acquit his honour he renounc'd his love,
T'acquit his Miſtreſs he renounc'd his life.
Thus ſhall you ſee my glory in this combat
Shine more than ere it did. My willing death
Shall have this honour, that no Man but I
Could for the wrong don to you ſatisfy.

CIMENA

CIMENA.

Since nor thy love, nor honour can prevail
To hold thee from thy ruine, deat *Roderigo*,
If ere I lov'd thee, I conjure thee now
To do thy best, if for no other end
To free me from Don *Sancho*, let me not
Be given up to th' object of my loath'ng.
What shall I say more? go defend thy self,
And if thy love be not congeal'd to ice,
Be victor where *Cimena* is the price.
Adieu! this last word makes me blush for shame.

RODERIGO.

Is there an enemy now that I can fear?
Moors and Castilians, or what ere you be,
Whom Aragon, or Spain thinks valiant,
Appear, and make one army of your selves,
My soul encouraged thus shall throw me on you,
For so sweet hopes, what is't I dare not meet with?

SCENE

SCENE II.

INFANTA. LEONORA.

INFANTA.

IS it to me you come now *Leonora*?

LEONORA.

Madam, I come to testifie the joy
I feel, to see your heart at rest.

INFANTA.

My heart?
Can rest come to a heart that's fill'd with griefs?

LEONORA.

If love do live on hope, and dy with it,
Roderigo cannot trouble you any longer.
You know the combat where he is ingag'd
By his *Cimena*, there he must or dy,
Or be her husband, but what ever happen,
Whether he live, or dy, your hope is dead.

INFANTA.

But how canst thou assure me it is dead?
If upon these conditions *Roderigo*
Do entertain the combat, have not I
Inventions enough to break it off?

Love the ſweet Author of my puniſhment,
Can teach the wits of lovers many ſlights.

LEONORA.

Hope you to breed a diſcontent between'um,
VVhich a fathers death cannot. *Cimena* ſhews
By her conduct of this affair, that hate
Cauſes not her purſuits 'tis true ſh' has got
The combat granted, but to take her part
VVhom has ſhe choſen, not an expert man,
Or one already famous for his actions.
Don *Sancho* ſerves her turn, who till t his time
Did never put on armes; ſhe loves in him
His ſmal experience. This her ſuddain choiſe
Muſt make you ſee, ſhe ſought for ſuch a combat
As might enforce her duty to be ſilent,
And yet aſſure *Roderig o's* conqueſt.

INFANTA.

I ſee it wel enough, and yet my heart
Strives with *Cimena's*, who ſhal moſt adore him.
VVhat had I beſt reſolve on, *Leonora*?

LEONORA.

Madam, bethink your ſelf of whom y'are born,
A King heav'n owes you, and you love a ſubject.

INFANTA.

No, no, my thoughts are off from their firſt object,
I love not *Roderigo* as a Gentleman,
He that I love now, is the Valiant *CID*,
The Maſter of two Kings. And yet I mean
T'orecom my ſelf, not for the fear of blame,
Bur that I won't diſturb ſo fair a flame,
And though they would now crown him, yet I ſhould
Reſume the guift which I have giv'n another

Then

Then since thou saist *Roderigo's* Victory
Is certain, let's go give him to *Cimena.*
And thou that know'st how far my love has run,
Come, see me finish what I have begun.

SCENE III.

CIMENA. ELVIRA.

CIMENA.

WHat shal I do *Elvira?* al my hopes
Are lost, and I have nothing left but fears;
I dare not give consent to my own wishes,
I've caus'd two Rivals to take armes for me,
What ever happens, Sorrow is my lot,
For think the best, I can of fate obtain,
My father's unreveng'd or lover slain.

ELVIRA.

From both sides you wil find reason of comfort,
Either you have revenge or *Roderigo*
How ever destiny disposes of you
It saves your honour, and provides y'a husband.

CIMENA.

What? the object of my hate, or of my anger?
Roderigo's, or my fathers murderer?
From this or that, I must expect a husband
Dy'd in the bloud of him I held most dear,
I fear the issue worse than any death,

Go vengeance, or my love that troubleſt me,
Thou haſt not ſweets I'me ſure to make m' amends,
And thou the powerfull mover of that fate
Which does me all this violence, determine
This Combat equally, without advantage,
That neither be the Victor, or the Vanquiſht.

ELVIRA.

That were to handle you with too much cruelty,
If when the fight were done, you ſhould be bound
A new to demand juſtice, and nere leave,
With rigour to purſue the man you love.
No, it were better that his unmatch'd valour
Should get him victory, and ſilence you,
And that the King, according to his law
Should force you to comply with your own wiſhes.

CIMENA.

Doſt think though he be Conquerour that I will
Yeeld my ſelf his? my duty is too ſtrong,
And my loſſe over great. He may o'recome
Don *Sancho* eaſily, but not ſo ſoon
The glory of *Cimena*. Though a Monarch
Have promis'd me unto his victory
Mine honour, (rather than I'le be his prize)
Shall raiſe him up a thouſand enemies.

ELVIRA.

Take heed, leſt heav'n for this ſtrange pride of yours,
Suffer you not to be reveng'd at all.
What? mean you to refuſe this happineſs
That you may when you pleaſe ſit down with honour?
What is't you would pretend? what can you hope?
Will your Lovers death reſtore your Father to you?
Or is your Fathers death ſo ſmall a miſchief,
That you'd heap up loſs on loſs, grief upon grief?
VVell, do, continue in this ſtubborn humour.
You ſcarce deſerve the man they 'ave deſtin'd for you,
And heaven being weary of its too much favour,

In

Instead of him, will wed you to Don *Sancho*.

CIMENA.

The griefs, *Elvira*, I sustain already,
Need not thy fatall augury to augment 'um;
I would, if possible, avoid them both,
If not, *Roderigo* has my best of wishes,
Not that my love inclines me more to him,
But lest he fayling, I should be Don *Sancho's*.
The thought of that, makes me to wish him well.
VVhat's this *Elvira*? See 'tis done already.

SCENE IV.

D. SANCHO. CIMENA. ELVIRA.

D. SANCHO.

AT your feet, Madam, I present this sword.

CIMENA.

What? that yet reaking with *Roderigo's* b'oud?
Traytor, how dar'st thou come into my sight,
VVhen thou hast ravish'd from me all I lov'd?
Shine now at full my love, thou need'st not fear,
My Father's satisfi'd. One only blow,
Has to mine honour giv'n security,
To my soul despaire, to my love liberty.

D. SANCHO.

Hear me with better temper.

CIMENA.

Dar'st thou yet

Go vengeance, or my love that troubleſt me,
Thou haſt not ſweets I'me ſure to make m' amends,
And thou the powerfull mover of that fate
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If not, *Roderigo* has my best of wishes,
Not that my love inclines me more to him,
But lest he sayling, I should be Don *Sancho's*.
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My Father's satisfi'd. One only blow,
Has to mine honour giv'n security,
To my soul despaire, to my love liberty.

D. SANCHO.

Hear me with better temper.

CIMENA.

Dar'st thou yet

Speak to me? Curſed murderer of that Heros
Which I do moſt adore. Go, thou haſt ſlain him
Perfidiouſly, for otherwiſe that man
Could never fall by ſuch a hand as thine.

ELVIRA.

But hear him, Madam.

CIMENA.

What wouldſt thou have me hear?
Can I doubt, when my eys are ſatisfied.
I have obtain'd the miſchief which I fought for,
And my juſt ſute has had too good ſucceſſe.
Pardon dear love its bloudy cruelty.
Think though a lover, yet I was a daughter.
If on thy bloud I have reveng'd my Father,
For thy revenge I will exhaust my own;
My ſoul has nothing now that ſhould retain it,
It ſhall go after thine, to aske it pardon.
And thou that think'ſt t'obtain me by his death,
Diſloyall miniſter of my cruell fate,
Hope nothing at my hands. Thou haſt done me
No ſervice, only haſtned on my death.

D. SANCHO.

'Tis a ſtrange paſſion will not give me hearing.

CIMENA.

What would'ſt thou have me hear thee, whilſt with (boaſting
Thou paint'ſt out to me my own fatall crime,
And his misfortunes, that thy cruell ſtory
May kill me in thy ſight? No I can dy
Without thy help My ſoul can find out death,
inſtructed by no ayd but her own miſchiefs,

To

To them

The *KING. D. DIEGO. D. ARIAS. D. ALONSO.*

CIMENA.

Sir,
I need not now dissemble any longer
What never art of mine could hide from you.
I lov'd, you know, yet to revenge my Father
I would proscribe the head I held so dear.
By that your Majesty might easily see,
I meant my love should give place to my duty.
In fine *Roderigo's* dead. His death has chang'd
Her, who was once his morrall enemy
To an afflicted lover. That revenge
I to my Father ought, and to my love
These teares which now I shed; Don *Sancho* has
In taking of my part quite ruin'd me,
And yet for doing so I'm made his prize.
Sir, if kind pitty ever mov'd a King,
Now of your grace revoke this cruell law.
Though he have slain the man I lov'd so dearly,
I'le give him all I have for his reward,
So he will leave me to my self, and that
I may bewail (the time I have to live)
My Father, and my Lover, in a Cloister.

D. DIEGO.

Now you perceive she loves, Sir, and not thinks
'Tis such a crime t'avow her lawfull love.

KING.

Sweet heart mistake not, *Roderigo* lives,

Don *Sancho* has made thee a falſe report.

D. SANCHO.

Sir, not by me, but by her too much heat
Shee was deceiv'd: For had ſhe given me leave,
I ſhould have told her, that her noble Lover,
When he diſarm'd me, bad me banish fear,
For that (ſaid he) I'd rather leave the conqueſt
Uncertain than I'd ſpill a drop of bloud
That's ventur'd for *Cimena*, but ſince I
Am by my duty call'd to attend the King,
Go you and entertain her in my ſtead,
And at her feet offer your life and ſword
Which when I came to do, the ſword deceiv'd her,
With which ſeeing me return, she thought that I
Had been the Victor. Preſently her anger
Betray'd her love, with ſuch impatience
That I had not a minutes audience.
For my part, though I am a vanquish'd man,
And though the intereſt of my love be great,
Yet I repute my ſelf in this my loſs
To be a gainer, loving my diſtreſs
Which brings ſo fair a flame, ſo good ſucceſs.

KING.

You muſt not be asham'd of ſuch a love
Cimena, or ſeek means to diſavow it,
Your honour's diſingag'd, your duty quitted,
Your father ſatisfied; what would you more?
Muſt you ſtil put *Roderigo* in new danger?
You ſee heaven otherwiſe diſpoſes of him.
And ſince that it has don ſo much for him,
Do you too ſomething for your ſelf, and take
Him for your husband that I offer you,
And whom I know you love.

To

To them
INFANTA. RODERIGO. LEONORA.

INFANTA.

COme *Cimena*,
Dry thy eys: And receive with a glad heart
This noble conquerour, from thy Princesse's hand.

RODERIGO.

Great Sir, be not offended, if before you,
The duty which I owe to love, do cast me
Here at her feet. I come not to demand
The prize which I have won, but once more yet
To offer you my life. My love shall not
Or plead the combats law, or the Kings will;
If all that's don cannot appease your anger,
Tell me what means is left to satisfie.
Must I encounter yet a thousand Rivals?
Travail from one end of the Earth to th'other?
Or force a Camp my self, or rout an Army?
If at length I may expiat my crime,
I shall attempt all this: But if your honour
Be still inexorable, and nothing can
Appease it but my death, behold my head
I cast it at your feet. Take it your self,
And arm no other hand for your revenge,
Since none but yours can do't. Yet let my death
Be all my punishment, and let me not
Be banish'd from your memory, but say,
If any time you call to mind my pain,
Had he not lov'd me, he had not been slain.

CIMENA.

Rise *Roderigo*. Sir, I must needs say
My love has shew'd it self too much for me
Now to deny it, *Roderigo* has
Such virtues, as I know not how to hate.
And you'r my King. I cannot but obey you.

But is there here any appearance of
A Marriage: if it be, it is a ſad one,
That one day ſhou'd begin, and end my mourning;
That having lay'd my Father in his grave,
I ſhould lay *Rodorigo* in my bed:
That were to hold intelligence with's murtherer,
And ſoyl my honour with eternall ſhame.

KING.

Time often makes that lawfull, which at preſent
Seems not to be ſo. *Rodorigo* has won thee,
And his thou muſt be. But though his valour
Have made you his, yet I ſhould do you wrong
So ſoon to give him the reward he fought for.
Take if you will a year, to end your mourning.
In the meantime *Rodorigo* ſhall take armes,
And having under his command my Army,
Shall carry back the War unto the Moors
Which they brought hither, that they all may tremble
At this brave name of *CID*, which they have given thee.
They've call'd thee Lord already, and they would
Make thee their King. But let not (*Rodorigo*)
Thy great exploits take off thy loyalty;
Return, if poſſible, more worthy of her,
And let thy deeds ſet ſuch a price upon thee,
That she may court thy marriage as an honour.

RODERIGO.

For my *Cimena*, Sir, and for your ſervice,
What can you bid me do I won't accomplish?
And though I hardly can endure her abſence,
Yet are the hopes you give ſufficient happineſs.

KING.

Rely upon thy valour and my promiſe,
And now thou haſt thy Miſtreſs heart already,
This point of honour (which is the laſt thing)
Let time o're come, thy valour, and thy King.

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